

# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE AND LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,  
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 17.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1805.

[Vol. I.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER III.

THE SIGH. AN INCIDENT.

"BY what rule of justice, Maria," said he, "is the bosom of youth and beauty agitated by so deep a sigh?—And why, lovely girl! the melancholy which seems settled on these features? Is sorrow so luxurious in his taste, that he can be satisfied with no meaner residence than among the riches and elegancies which adorn Maria's heart.

"Despotic woe,—how ruthless is thy sway!  
"Maria's griefs, too well, alas! display;  
"Even beauty seeks for tranquil ease in vain;  
"Nor sense—nor virtue, wards the shafts of pain!"

The aunt was stung to the very soul! Courtney relapsed into his former reverie, and Maria began to suspect that she had been hitherto mistaken in her conjectures about Courtney's indifference, and to soothe her fluttering heart with the long estranged whispers of hope. Just at this instant, for so decreed that little urchin, whom ancient and modern wits have conspired to maim and disfigure,—that little urchin whom the Greeks have robbed of his eyes, and whom Le Sage has caused to go on crutches.—Just at that moment we say, in came Betty, panting, and, with a face as long as a methodist parson's, when the congregation forgot to drop money in the plate, to inform Maria that she had let the starling fly out at the window.

In an instant the Hysonian mysteries were suspended; and, without saying a word, the priests flew from the neglected altar, and hastened up stairs to regain her little favorite. Courtney flew with equal speed to lend his assistance, and Betty was preparing to follow, but her malignant mistress, desirous of depriving Maria of her little favourite, was willing to rob her of all the assistance she could,

and detained the muttering chambermaid where she was.

Her malignant design was, however, disappointed. No sooner did the bird, who was perched on the outside of a window, see the fond hand of his mistress held out to him, than he flew upon her finger and suffered himself to be put into his cage without resistance.

Courtney now laid hold of the trembling hand of the lovely Maria, and was going to lead her down stairs. They had got to the door; Courtney's hand was on the lock; when he was surprized to hear a voice at the further end of the room, distinctly pronounce "heigh ho! —oh Courtney!" He turned round in astonishment. Maria made a feeble effort to withdraw her right hand, while, with the other, she covered her eyes, and endeavored to conceal her confusion.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

"Whence could that voice proceed?" said the wondering Courtney; but he was quickly resolved. "O Courtney! dear Courtney!" said the starling again. His heart fluttered with tenderness and surprise. The flame, which, without his suspecting it, had been long kindling, now burst out all at once. He gazed with ardent delight on the embarrassed Maria: he pressed her hand to his bosom. As for our poor heroine, not the aspin so trembles before the gale—not the rose so trembles on the pendant thorn, when the vernal shower has bent its blushing head. "Charming Miss Howard!" said the youth, with a look and accent of the utmost tenderness, "may I, sweet enchanting girl! presume to enquire if this bird has ever any company but yourself?"—"O Mr. Courtney," replied Maria at length, with a faltering voice, "why do you seek to insult and triumph in the weakness of an inexperienced girl?"—"Perish the wretch whose unfeeling heart is capable of such baseness!" replied he, with the honest warmth of sincerity. "Contempt and apathy be the portion of that man, whose heart does not vibrate with increasing tenderness, when artless beauty, yielding to the sweet dictates of nature, reveals the tender feel-

ings of her heart. But let me read my fate in those embarrassed eyes,—thy sweet confusion,—thy enchanting silence! these are the modest heralds of the heart.

Maria attempted to withdraw her hand.

"Thou must not go, my sweet Maria, yet!—Thou must not snatch from me so soon the transport thou hast given. Heaven make this hour my last, if I love thee not with the purest ardor that ever warmed a youthful heart. O! stay and hear me vow how much I love thee! (A sigh, a blush, and an involuntary smile, evinced how pleasing was the subject to the heart of our trembling heroine.) "Dear charming bird! delightful accident——" continued he. "Pray let me go Mr. Courtney," said the faltering Maria, "my aunt will wonder at our delay."

Thus did Maria, though she could have listened forever with delight to the fond vows of Courtney, endeavor to persuade him to desist from a conversation the most delightful to her ears: but Courtney knew her sex. He was aware they are not born to command, they generally despise the man who implicitly obeys them. In short, an eclaircissement took place, which terminated with the warmest professions of unalterable affection on his side; and on that of his lovely mistress, in that soft and modest confusion which, in eloquent silence, speaks the pure fondness of the virgin heart.

### CHAPTER LAST.

The short season of courtship rolled gaily away, and, as even the malignity of a maiden aunt could start no reasonable objection to their happiness, the torch of Hymen was shortly bade to blaze once more with the bright but long forgotten flames of mutual sympathy and disinterested affection.

Shortly after, the happy bridegroom, reflecting on the little circumstance which had produced the discovery of their mutual attachment, composed the following sonnet with which we shall conclude our tale.

### SONNET TO THE STARLING.

How oft the tuneful bard's enraptur'd strain,  
Hath sung the praises of the turtle dove!  
And Venus' self receives him in her train,  
The fav'rite emblem of the power of Love.

If to the radiant synod of the skies  
The goddess flies, her turtles too are there;  
And if to Paphos' happy isle she flies,  
To Paphos' happy isle her turtles must repair.  
But oh no more, bright power! the turtle grace,  
But to the starling yield his envied place:  
For, goddess, say, did e'er thy fav'rite dove,  
To love, or lovers, half so friendly prove?

The early lark, that heralds in the day,  
And gladdens Nature with his dulcet note  
Has oft been sung in many a sprightly lay,  
Sweet as the warblings of his attic throat:  
In grateful rapture oft the muse hath strung  
Her heavenly harp, his praises to rehearse;  
Who, while aloft, his early praise he sung,  
Wak'd her to all the charms of varied verse.  
But oh! the lark no more, ye muses praise,  
For, lo! the starling claims your fondest lays;  
Sweet bird, whose voice did late the herald prove,  
That wak'd my soul to tenderness and love!

#### THOUGHTS ON THE PLEASURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Of all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in an age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight, even when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife: let him be ever so frugal, industrious, or successful, all avails nothing if she is unfaithful to her trust, or profusely squanders in pleasure and dissipation those sums which toil and application gained: but if she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty, and encounter danger,—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of Home!—How delightful is it to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to sooth, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared!

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood; yet there is an ear open to the married man's complaints; a heart ready to sympathize in his sorrows; an eye bedewed with the tender drops of compassion; and a life that is absolutely bound up in

his: and as enjoyment derives additional relish from participation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb, in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

#### REMARKS.

Roughness in friendship is at least as disgusting as an offensive breath from a beautiful mouth; the rough may perhaps be trusty, sincere, secret—but he is a fool if he expects delicacy from others, and a hypocrite if he pretends to it himself.

As resentment is founded upon self-preservation, the first law of nature, so long as it answers this purpose, it is justifiable; but, when carried farther, is criminal, and deserves the name of revenge.

#### Communications.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.  
MESSRS. EDITORS,

*CONFIDENT that few of your readers ever saw the following, I send it you for publication, if nothing more valuable occupies a corner of your useful paper. Yours, &c.*

MANOT.

#### TACITURNITY. A PERSIAN TALE.

AT Amadan was a celebrated Academy, the first statute of which runs thus—"The Academicians are to think much, write little, and, if possible, speak less." This was called the silent Academy, nor was there a sage in Persia, who was not ambitious of being admitted a member. ZEB, a famous sage, heard, in the distant provinces where he lived, that there was a vacancy in the silent Academy. He departed immediately for Amadan, and on his arrival, presented himself at the door of the hall where the academicians assembled, and sent in the following short billet to the president—"Zeb, a lover of silence, humbly asks the vacant place." The billet arrived too late; the vacancy was already supplied. The academicians were almost in despair; they had received, somewhat against their inclinations, a courtier who had some wit, and whose light and trifling eloquence had become the admiration of all his court acquaintances; and the learned body was now reduced to the necessity of refusing admittance to the sage Zeb. The president, whose duty it was to announce this disagreeable news to the sage, scarcely could resolve, nor knew in what manner best to perform his office. After a moment's reflection, he ordered a flaggon to be filled with water, so full, that another drop would make it run over; he then desired them to introduce the candidate.

The sage appeared with that simple and modest air which generally accompanies

true merit. The president rose, and, without speaking a word, pointed with affliction, to the emblematical flaggon, so exactly full. The sage understood from thence, the vacancy was supplied; but without relinquishing hope, endeavoured to make them comprehend that a supernumerary member might, perhaps, be no detriment to their society. He saw on the floor, a rose leaf, which he picked up, and, with care and delicacy, placed it on the surface of the water, so as not to make it overflow. All the academicians clapped their hands, in token of applause, when they beheld this ingenious reply; they did more, they broke through their rules in favor of the sage Zeb. The register of the academy was presented to him, and he inscribed his name. Nothing remained but for him to pronounce, according to custom, a single phrase of thanks; but this new and truly silent academician, returned thanks without speaking a word. In the margin of the register, he wrote the number one hundred (that of his brethren,) then put a cypher before the figures, under which he wrote thus:

"O100

*Their value is neither more nor less."*

The president, with equal politeness and presence of mind, answered the modest sage by placing the figure 1 before the number 100, and by writing under them thus:

"1100

*Their value is tenfold."*

#### FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

*THE following trifle, selected from the pages of the Massachusetts Magazine for 1791, is sent you, with a request that it may appear in your useful publication, by HONORIA.*

#### OF WOMAN.

CUSTOM seems to have established it as a maxim, that women must be fools; though for what reason I cannot pretend to say. That the fault is not in nature, some few have dared to leave a lasting testimony behind them. But the generality of fine ladies at present seem, by their conduct, to confirm the notion; and, to excuse their ignorance, they lay the fault on the men, whom they are pleased to say have usurped all knowledge to themselves. But do the men prevent your making use of your senses? or is knowledge confined only to the university? No; the world is an university; and in the book of nature more forcible truths are to be found than in a thousand musty volumes. Who hinders you from exploring them? There is not a flower, a leaf, or a single blade of grass, but what will afford lessons of instruction and morality.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

## THE MOUNT OF PARNASSUS.

## A VISION.

[BY MR. BALMANNO.]

WHEN the busy hum of day was succeeded by the silent hour of rest, and Somnus had begun his nocturnal reign—I found myself conveyed by an invisible power to the region celebrated from remote antiquity as the residence of the muses. A spacious field lay before me, in the midst of which was an high mountain, surrounded by a multitude, who appeared to be actuated by various degrees of motion. Curiosity induced me to approach, that I might more satisfactorily survey what was transacting; and I then discovered, that, of the throng which I had seen at a distance, many who wished to immortalize their names by composition in verse, were endeavouring to ascend to the summit of the hill, where flowed, with native purity, the waters of Helicon, acknowledged the source of poetic inspiration. The distribution of this limpid stream was performed by the muses—while Apollo called forth the most enchanting strains of music from his golden lyre.—For completion of the ceremony, a celestial being, named *Imagination*, arrayed each successful candidate with a vestment of more than mortal texture, and which reflected, with resplendent radiance, the variegated colours of the rainbow.

Great indeed, were the honour and attraction of the reward, but many were the obstacles that threatened to retard the progress of those who endeavoured to obtain it; for the sides of the mountain, tho' decorated by the partial bounty of Flora with the most beautiful and fragrant of her productions, were very difficult of ascent; and beneath this exterior adornment was concealed a number of chasms, to avoid which required the utmost care of cautious circumspection.

Various were the fortunes of those engaged in this interesting career: Some ascended with a propitious celerity, unqualified by the most indefatigable toil of their competitors; while others, from an hasty suspicion of their natural inability to perform the task they had determined to undertake, by application to art, had provided themselves with cramps and engines, in the unskillful management of which they wasted the time that, if employed in exerting their own powers, would probably have enabled them to obtain the object of their pursuit. Remarkable was the fate of a few, who at first appeared to surmount with ease the local difficulties of their attempt; *Envy*, repining at their success, and maliciously desirous to prevent the accomplishment of their design, assumed the specious form of *Friendship*, and with treacherous enticement directed their steps to another part of the mountain, where their activity was fruitlessly exerted, and from whence they were soon obliged to descend with pain, confusion, and disgrace.

My attention was next attracted by the conduct of a banditti, who lurked in secret recesses, till opportunities were presented them of purloining the splendid apparel of those who were successfully returning from the arduous competition, and who frequently, after being thus plundered, were thrown by the violence of the aggressors into the cavern of oblivion, that their genius might cease to display its brilliant emanations, and their complaints of injustice never be heard. It was with pleasure I afterwards perceived that many of these robbers were not long suffered to enjoy the spoils they had so basely acquired; a masculine form appeared, whose dreaded glance announced his name to be *Dete-*

*tion*, and who, with piercing eye quickly penetrated the crafty delusion—restored its victims to their rightful dignity—and, with irresistible vengeance, condemned the usurping miscreants to the pangs of Promethean torture, that a disposition to similar enormity might be restrained by such notorious instances of exemplary punishment.

In pursuing my observations, I beheld, with surprise, that many, who were incapable of obtaining a portion of the pure Heliconian beverage, eagerly drank of a muddy pool at the bottom of the mount. I had considerable amusement in contrasting the turbulent distortions of countenance exhibited by these, with the impressive majesty, or pleasing serenity of those who had been permitted by the muses to taste of the sacred fountain, and whom *Imagination* had distinguished by her invaluable gift.—While my eyes were fixed on the superior deportment of the latter, my ears were suddenly assailed by the outcries of the former, and turning aside, I saw a gigantic figure of terrific aspect, called *Criticism*, brandishing a scourge of uncommon length, which he applied to the miserable object of his persecution with vigilant severity. The inflictions of this vindictive personage were endured by some with obstinate insensibility, while others were scarcely able to bear the extreme torment. The agony of one poor wretch, in particular, so excited my pity, that I interposed to save him from a repetition of the lash, which I thereby received myself, and immediately awoke thro' the painful sensations it occasioned.

ANECDOTE.  
THE late Dr. F. went to dine one day, with the Rev. Mr. D. who was noted for his extreme parsimony, whereby he had amassed a large property. After the cloth was removed, Mr. D invited his friend to walk out and view his improvements and inclosures. He led him through a delightful meadow, which was highly improved and decorated by nature, and by art. There said Mr. D. "this meadow, with those adjacent fields, and woods, are my own—and had you have used your parishioners as I have mine, you might now, instead of your present indigence, be possessed of as valuable acquisition as you see I am." "Your remark is very true," replied the other, "but it very forcibly reminds me how well those words of Dr. Watts apply to your case, when he says,

"What though large streams of golden sands  
Through all his meadows roll,  
Yet he's a wretch with all his lands,  
Who wears—a narrow soul."

## To Readers and Correspondents.

HONORIA, PRUDENTIA, and ELIZA, are thanked for their favors. Such communications shall meet the promptest attention while the dearth of original compositions continues.

MANOT we wish to hear from again. His selections discover his taste for literature, and such we shall never scruple to insert in the columns of the Merrimack Magazine.

We have complied with LYSANDER's request by inserting Nick's Wish. He has our wish that neither of the evils therein enumerated may ever befall him.

## Hymeneal.

MARRIED]—In Baltimore, Mr. Henry Shane, to Mrs. Mary Almon, The united ages of this loving couple is little short of two hundred years!

In Greenland, Dr. Joshua Bracket, to Miss Margaret McLean, both of Portsmouth.

In this town, Mr. David Pearson, 3d., to Miss Elizabeth Runnels, of Newbury.—Mr. Thomas Marshall, to Miss Mary Pearson.—Mr. John Brookins, to Mrs. Elizabeth Williams.

## Obituary.

DIED]—In Wellfleet, Samuel Waterman, jun. aged 19,—youngest son of the Hon. Judge Waterman.

In Essex, (Ver.) Mrs. Sarah Lloyd, widow of Maj. Lloyd. The Major is thus a disconsolate widower for the fifth time.

In Portsmouth, Mrs. Lucy Salter, wife of Capt. Henry S.—Mr. John Obie, accidentally fell from one of the wharves, and was drowned.

In York, Mrs. Hannah Sewall, aged 49, wife of Capt. Samuel Sewall.

In this town, Miss Judith Favor. Child of Mr. Aaron Bray. Child of Mr. John B. Johnson.

THE EDITORS OF THE  
Merrimack Magazine

## AND

## Ladies' Literary Cabinet,

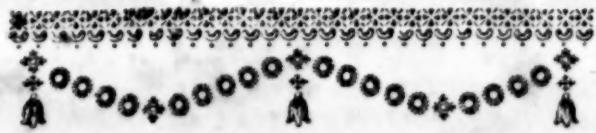
Respectfully invite every person, who may wish success to this undertaking, to patronize it by becoming a generous subscriber, as the patronage now received is not sufficient to prosecute the work advantageously.—They hope, however, that the future increase of support will enable them to continue it under the most propitious circumstances, with benefit to the public and profit to themselves.—Those who have already become PATRONS will, doubtless, use their influence to increase the list.

About fifty sets of numbers from the commencement, &c. now on hand. Those who may wish to be supplied will please to call in season.

W. & J. GILMAN.

MAGAZINE OFFICE,  
No. 4, Middle street, Dec. 7, 1805.

ARMIN.



## Poetry.

### FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

*The name of the writer of the annexed SONG, is to your correspondent unknown. The person, if a gentleman, must have been a man of exquisite taste, and his choice, I must confess, is what no one can disprove. I have no doubt that those of your fair readers who may never have seen it will be as much obliged to you for its insertion in the Magazine, as PRUDENTIA.*

### THE MAID TO MY MIND.

I HAVE seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just,  
That a wife makes a man either blessed or curs'd.  
I declare I will marry, ah! can I but find,  
Mark me well, ye young ladies, the maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miss, who advice-will despise,  
Nor the girl who's so foolish to think herself wise,  
Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind,  
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude, who in public will never be free,  
Yet in private a toying for ever would be,  
Nor coquette that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind,  
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Nor she who for pleasure her husband would slight,  
Nor the positive dame, who thinks always she's right,  
Nor she, who a dupe to the fashion's inclin'd,  
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

But the fair with good nature and carriage genteel,  
Who her husband can love, and no secrets reveal,  
In whose breast I may virtue and modesty find,  
This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

—40—

### FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

*The following beautiful comparison is sent you for publicity in the Magazine; should the perusal of it excite that degree of your admiration, which it has of mine, you will not for a moment hesitate to gratify the wish of ELIZA.*

THE

### ROSE COMPARED WITH MAN.

THROUGHOUT created nature, I have seen  
Nor on the mount, nor in the waving green,  
Nor near the river's crystal, curling tide,  
Nor by the swelling ocean's foaming tide;  
Nor in the secret laun, or hidden glade,  
Nor on the bank, nor in the cultur'd bed,  
A flower (tho' many a beauteous blossom blows)  
Of man so emblematic as the ROSE.  
Its bud's an infant, and its bloom a youth,  
Of rising stature and increasing growth;  
When op'nning wide it spreads its leaves around,  
And waves its blushing beauties on the ground,  
We call to mind the state of man mature,  
When reason's solid, and his strength secure;  
When he enjoys what life can well bestow,  
And tastes of pleasure in a world of woe.  
But when its foliage withers in the sun,  
Curls to its branch and hangs its petals down;  
Its tincture fails, and all its curious hue  
Purples and yellows with the morning dew;  
We see old age in all its frosty form,  
Shake with the blast and totter with the storm,  
Till both alike feel death's decisive blow,  
And mould'reng mingle with the dust below.  
Ah! happy flower—sweet offspring of the day,  
How unconcern'd, you flourish and decay;  
For, all unconscious of your dear domain,

You bud, and bloom, and decorate the plain—  
Cast on the earth a beauteous dimpling shade,  
And, all unfeeling, with the evening fade:  
But MAN, re-animated, quits the tomb,  
And lives to flourish in a world to come.

### FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

*If agreeable, please to insert the following in your Magazine, and oblige, LYSANDER.*

### NICK'S WISH.

FROM a cross neighbour and a fullen wife,  
A pointless needle and a broken knife;  
From suretyship and from an empty purse,  
A smoaking chimney and a jolting horse;  
From a dull razor and an aching head;  
From a bad conscience and a buggy bed,  
A blow upon the elbow or the knee;  
From each of these may I continue free.

—41—

### THE RING.

HYMEN's sanction, CUPID's treasure,  
MEMORY's ever valued friend;  
Source of purest, chastest pleasure,  
Source of hopes that never end.

In thy circle, bliss ensuirg,  
LOVE, endow'd with magic art,  
With his arrowy wand alluring,  
In the ring confines the heart.

The diamond ring bedecks the courtier,  
The jewel gilds the haughty fair;  
Far, than the diamond,—far, far richer,  
The ring compos'd of Lucy's hair.

### LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF ZIMMERMAN.

WHEN mirth and pleasure court our smiles,  
And on our joys no cares intrude,  
We scorn the lone sequester'd shade  
And shun the child of Solitude.

But mirth and pleasure cannot last,  
Of sorrow like the tempest rude  
Will pleasure as a flower disperse,  
And give a zest to Solitude.

Yet time will banish sorrow's form,  
Then lovely peace again is woo'd,  
We join in pleasure's dance again,  
And think no more of Solitude.

—42—

### SCALA COELI.

E	H	Y
P	T	T
O	I	R
H	A	A
	F	H
		C

THE steps which lead mankind to Heaven,  
In number are exactly seven:  
While we have HOPE we mount up four,  
And FAITH one step will lead us more:  
But to attain our journey's end,  
True CHARITY must stand our friend.

*I Cor. c. 13. ver. 8, 13.*

### MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN our own efforts want success,  
Friends ever fail as fears increase;  
As leaves in blooming verdure wove,  
In warmth of summer clothe the grove,  
But when autumnal frosts arise,  
Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies.

## Humour.

*Letter from PATRICK OWEN's aunt in Ireland, to him in America.*

DEAR NEPHEW,

I have not written to you since my last before now, because, as we have moved from our former place of living, and I did not know where a letter would find you; but I now with pleasure take my pen to inform you of the melancholy news of the very sudden death of your only living uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering illness of five months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, lying perfectly quiet and speechless, all the while talking incoherently and calling for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner except I had wrote to you by last post, which went off two days before he died, and then you would have had postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell you what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was brought on by his last sickness, for he was never well ten days together during the whole time of his confinement; and I believe his eating too much of rabbits, or pease and gravy stufed with rabbits, can't tell which; but be that as it will, as soon as he breathed his last the doctors gave over all hopes for his recovery.

I need not tell you any thing about his age, for you well know that in December next he would have been twenty-five years old lacking ten months, and had he lived till then he would have been just six months dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, who all died some time ago; so that I expect it will be divided between us, and you know his property was something considerable, for he had a fine estate which was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on a horse race, but it was the opinion of every body at the time, that he would have won the race, had not the horse he run against been too fast for him. I never saw a man (and the doctors all said so) that oserved directions and took medicine better than he did, he said he had as lief drink water-gruel as wine if it had the same taste, and would as soon take jalup as eat a beef steak if it had the same relish. But, poor soul! he will never eat or drink more, and now you have not a single living relation in the world, except myself, and your two cousins who were killed in the last war.

I can't dwell upon this mournful subject, and shall seal my letter with black sealing-wax, and put on it your uncle's coat of arms, so I beg you will not break the seal when you open the letter, and don't open it till three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings. When you come to this place, stop;—and do not read any more till my next.

Your affectionate aunt

PEGGY OWEN.

P.S. Do not write to me again till you receive this.

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